THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1637.

Choice Poetry.

THE BETTER THOUGHT.

The Better Thought! how oft in days
When youthful passion lived my bosom,
And drove me into devious ways,
Did at them my wandering steps arrest,
And, whispering gently in mine ear,
Those angel warnings, tangle with love,
Check for the time my mad career,
And melt the heart that else could move!

Those was no stern and harsh rebuke,
No "Dared's advice," no true, no cold,
But message wise, such as in book,
Or by the teacher oft is told.
Which, like the gentlest snow, falls,
And rugs perhaps with hollow sound,
But ne'er the wanderer recalls,
And never affects the hearing wound.

The voice was gentle, winning, mild;
The words told then were fraught above,
Like those with which the way ward child
Is wooed by a fond mother's love;
Or like a strain of music stealing
Across the vision and emotive ear,
Which moves the heart of sternest feeling,
And wakes its deeper harmonies.

Sweet was thy presence, welcomed guest,
And I, responsive to thy call,
Arose, and left within my breast
A power that made the fetters fall
From off my long enthralled soul,
And woke, as with a magic spell,
Feelings which yet caused the will control
Of hopes that all might still be well.

But ah, those waist an injured guest!
How soon departed, soon forgot,
Were all the hopes of coming rest
That clustered round the Better Thought!
The weaker grade, the firm resolves,
The yearnings after holier days,
That I assured enlight which dissolves,
And leaves no traces of its rays!

Let I despair not—through the night
That long has reigned will tyrant sway,
I'm sure I see the coming light,
The harbinger of coming day.
To Heaven I now direct my prayer,
Oh, God of love, forsake me not!
Grant that my waywardness may never
Quench the returning Better Thought!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIVIA-THE INITIATED AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

The heart must broken by the loved,
Is strong to meet the foemen.
—Mrs. Hemans.

Nearly a fortnight of extreme anxiety passed away during which Catherine heard nothing from her messenger. On the evening of the fourteenth day of his departure, however, a note was brought to her hand by her, directed in the well known, but unusually irregular writing of Major Clifton. Oh, joy! He was living then, and even well enough to write. With a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving she broke the seal. But her face paled as she read—

"Os Board the British Sloop Albion, } August 23d, 1811.

"Catherine—Are you then destined to be human creatures that is faithful to me? Have you then a heart that can feel and love? Do I indeed behold a spirit that, faithful unto love to a fallen a death? Attend, woman! to what I am about to write. I am dangerously wounded, as the newspapers reported, but slightly hurt, and taken prisoner and conveyed on board this, the Admiral's ship—as they did not report. I am a prisoner, your fellow, whom you sent on this death's errand, but finding me in his Australian clothes, he supposed that I was a prisoner on board the British fleet, true to your command, he left me to my wounds and my reckless of his own danger, procured a boat of Bedouin Arabs, and slungshot this night. You now know the result, as well as I can inform you. The vessel in which you had put in from as a spy, and has been detained by the Admiral's orders for examination. My own inconvenience in detaining me is great indeed, but, nevertheless, I may as well inform you that I, who was your messenger, your messenger ought to communication with me, have also to thank you for your kindness in having me under arrest, and nothing but the relaxation of strict rule in the prison, enabled me to write you this. The commander, and a most courteous, affords me the opportunity of writing to you by this note. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross are now in the city, the capital of the State. I am not subject to writing to you in secrecy; that is a matter on by all hopes of salvation, that unless you, as you solemnly acknowledged, did not send me to Admiral Cockburn."

ARCHER CLIFTON."

Still clasping the letter, her hand and head fell with a gesture of despair upon a chair.

"Why, what's the matter, Miss Kate, honey? no bad news, I hope," said Aunt Chloe, entering.

A deep heart-breaking sob only answered her.

"My goodness, Miss Kate, deary, what is it don't in master dead? Oh, deary me, Miss Kate, chile, don't keep on looking dat a way—'Oooh, you make me feel so bad, chile! 'Nober how it's de Lord's will, honey, an' let us trust some one, and not murmur, chile! Honey, 'Dond, troubles like de measure, if it don't break out, it strikes in an' kills you dead."

A gasp from Catherine, and a gesture, imploring silence, were the only answer she brought with both hands, and tried to think clearly.

"My gracious, Miss Kate, don't look so ghastly, honey, you frighten me. Is you sick enough?"

"He's not dead, he's not dead," said Catherine, huskily, while she waved her hand for peace.

"Well, den, honey, long as de's life don't hope an' no 'casion for 'spair. Is he berry bad, honey?"

"He's well—well," said Catherine, in the same tone.

"Well, den, long as he's well, what 'casion you take on so, honey—Oh! my Lor'—taint taint poor brother Jack so nothing's happened to it!"

"Oh, Heaven! Your master and Jack have both been taken prisoners by Admiral Cockburn!"

"Oh, Miss Kate! Oh, my Lor'. Miss Kate! An' dey do tell me how he ole his prisoners 'less," exclaimed Henry, falling down into a chair, flinging her clinch apron over her head, and beginning to cry.

Almost heedless of her hard master's rudest demonstrations of grief and horror, Catherine walked up and down the floor, with her hands clasped spread her temples, in the very agony of thought. To save the boy from death—for she, at that remote distance, to save him!

Oh! it seemed a mockery, a snare, to put forgiveness upon such an impracticable condition! Yet she thought him no setter of snares. She thought over the whole of the letter, searching for a hint, she needed not to look at it again—every line and word was burned in upon her brain and heart—she thought over the whole of it, earnestly searching for a clue to action—she found it at length in the phrases, "He only waits the Admiral's order for execution," and "Admiral Cockburn and General Ross are now on their march to Washington City." She thought if she could see the Admiral, she might yet save his life—if so little worth as a sacrifice to the enemy, but of such inestimable value to her. The date of the letter was the twenty-first —this day was the twenty-third. "Oh! he is probably executed by this time," said Despair, dooms. "But possibly not," said Hope. She tried to think clearly, to separate the dreadful chaos of thought and passion, and to weigh and adjust circumstances, so as she might decide and act promptly. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross must be near Washington, if they had not already reached the city. Washington was two full day's journey from her home, but every hour was precious, for life and death might hang upon it. She could perform the journey in a day and night. Her resolution was taken. Going up to where Henry sat crying, and rocking herself backward and forward, she said,

"Rise, Henry, and go and tell James to saddle my horse, *my rough canter pony*. Henry, he is the strongest and the fleetest, and bring him around to the door."

"Oh, Miss Kate! does you think he'll eat 'em more 'nough?"

"What do you mean, Henry—are you crazy?"

"Admiralle Cockbu'n, honey. Does you think he'll eat Mass Archy an' brother Jack, 'nuss 'nough? I hopes not, 'cause you see, chile, brother Jack he's so poor 'an lean, an' Mass Archy, he must be tough an' stringy 'nough, too long a' all dis yer warfarin', but Lor', 'hope he'll think der good 'nough for serious rations, and give 'em to dem."

"Henry, that is all a notion."

"Boat, Miss Kate, you know, honey."

"Yes, yes—don't stop me now, Henry! hasten! hasten! quick! quick, Henry! Have my pony saddled, and then hurry back to me!"

"But, Miss Kate, are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you, Henry, hurry!"

The woman went out, and Catherine sat down and penned a hasty note to her neighbor, the Hon. Colonel Grant of Hatchlands, requesting him to give a slight supervision of affairs at White Cliffs during her absence for a few days. By the time she had sealed and directed it, Henry reappeared.

"Pony's ready, an' riding-dress, Henry," was her next prompt command.

"Go, honey, go, Miss Kate, where—"

"Go, Henry, at once, and don't stay to question me."

The maid obeyed, and her mistress rang the bell, and gave the note she had written to a boy, to carry to Hatchlands.

As he left the room, Henry entered it with the riding-dress.

"Help me on with it at once, Henry," said Catherine, mounting her.

"Mr. Catherine, Miss Kate! you to be gone out this time o' night, an' we-dem in so much trouble. Miss Kate, you no 'tend to leave me, nor to wait on you, but Jerome, he's gittin' ready."

"No, no, I don't want anybody."

"Dear me, mist'ess, honey, where's you gwine?"

"Didn't I tell you? To Washington City."

"To Washington?" exclaimed Henry, letting the skirt of her dress fall from his hands, and looking up in utmost.

"Yes, yes, didn't I tell you—to Washington, to see Admiral Cockburn, and save your brother. I do not believe of Cockburn—I never believed that story—it was reported of them, and I think if Lig and make a proper representation to him, he shall be able to save Jack."

Henry stood gazing at her mistress in the same stupor.

"Come, come, Henry! give me the other sleeve around here," said Catherine, impatiently.

Still Henry stood and stared in a stupor, until suddenly all her muscles and limbs gave way, and she sank down before her mistress, and bowed her knees, looked up into her face, and with clasped hands, implored her entreaties.

"Don't go, mist'ess, don't go—don't trust your l'ong to Admiralle Cockburn an' he wicked men 'round him."

"I must, Henry."

"Oh, no, no, Mass'ter what happened at Ramon Henry, an' Hamilton, how day spoke an' signed to Mass'ter Archy, an' how he was a prisoner on board the British fleet, true to your command, to your own messenger, and reckless of his own danger, procured a boat of Bedouin Arabs, and slungshot this night. You now know the result, as well as I can inform you. The vessel in which you had put in from as a spy, and has been detained by the Admiral's orders for examination. My own inconvenience in detaining me is great indeed, nevertheless, I may as well inform you that I, who was your messenger, your messenger ought to communication with me, have also to thank you for your kindness in having me under arrest, and nothing but the relaxation of strict rule in the prison, enabled me to write you this. The commander, and a most courteous, affords me the opportunity of writing to you by this note. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross are now in the city, the capital of the State. I am not subject to writing to you in secrecy; that is a matter on by all hopes of salvation, that unless you, as you solemnly acknowledged, did not send me to Admiral Cockburn."

"Oh, Miss Kate! I know you 'spect. Don't talk so an' long, honey, though every word you say but faint for resolution to go."

"Henry, I tell you I must go. Are you going for the pony, or shall I?"

"There, give me my hat, Henry."

"Oh, deary me, what's you gwine for to take long o' 'em, to wait on you, chile?"

"Henry, will you go for my pony?"

"I told you so one, Henry—where are my gloves?"

"Here dey is, honey. Oh, mist'ess, don't—don't—don't, mist'ess!" half sobs. "Take Jeemes long o' you! He's brave as a lion—honest to goodness."

"No, James would need rest and food on the road, Henry. I shall not take him. Go for the pony—I must go myself."

"Oh, Miss Kate, honey, long as de's life don't hope an' no 'casion for 'spair. Is he berry bad, honey?"

"He's well—well," said Catherine, in the same tone.

"Well, den, long as he's well, what 'casion you take on so, honey—Oh! my Lor'—taint taint poor brother Jack so nothing's happened to it!"

"Oh, Heaven! Your master and Jack have both been taken prisoners by Admiral Cockburn!"

"Oh, Miss Kate! Oh, my Lor'. Miss Kate! An' dey do tell me how he ole his prisoners 'less," exclaimed Henry, falling down into a chair, flinging her clinch apron over her head, and beginning to cry.

Almost heedless of her hard master's rudest demonstrations of grief and horror, Catherine walked up and down the floor, with her hands clasped spread her temples, in the very agony of thought. To save the boy from death—for she, at that remote distance, to save him!

Now, dere's a suit in de house, you calls to min', an' 'll jist 'fit you. Sent up hended to Miss Georgy, when she were a nasgurnode-playactiestic' here will ris sly folks, here one Christmas. Dey'll fit you to a tee."

"No, thank you, Henry!"

"You ain't mad 'long o' me for sayin' of it, is you, Miss Kate?"

"Ha! I've got it! No, Henry."

"Nor likewise 'nspeed in yer feelin's?"

"No, no, you did but mistake," answered Catherine, getting into her saddle, while James held the pony, and Henry affectionately arranged the riding skirt around her and handed her the whip.

"There, there, that will do; good-bye, all of you," said Catherine, hurriedly.

Henry burst into loud wailing. Catherine paused and laid her hand upon her shoulder, silencing her, while she said,

"My poor girl, do not fear. I have committed myself to the Lord! I am in His hands. I trust in Him, else I should not dare do this which seems to you so much like madness. I trust in Him, and no evil can befall me."

"But oh! mist'ess, mist'ess!" If you should arter all perish?"

"If I perish, if certain—it will be no evil if the Lord permits it!"

"I doesn't b'lieve de Lord am gwine for to 'suit it. Sech safe 'bout young mist'ess, I does! I b'lieve how of Admiralle Cockburn or any of his Jubilists was to come for to starve Mist'ess, treatin' in Hebben as she does, how a thunderbolt would strike him down anner, an' she so puts her trust in de Lord, should come to say harm."

"Oh, my dear, faithful, dear nurse!" exclaimed the more ardent Henry. "I ain't heard for you no longer, mist'ess, dear! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Catherine waved her hand in adieu, gave rein to her gentle, well-bred horse, and started, and seemed to fly over the lane. She was fervored, excited—and inspired," my either. Night was closing darkly around her. But he sedative shadows had no power to soothe her excited nerves—the dress were falling, but they had no efficacy to cool her fevered veins; a long journey lay before her, but its length could not daunt her courage; dangers were thickly strewn about her path, but they could not appall her; her only desire, her only aspiration, was to reach her destination in season, if possible, to rescue this boy from death, because he was dear to Clifton—dearer than all the world but his rife, was she now thought: and now her life itself seemed little worth, since the hope that was life worthily end, was laid low. Her only remaining hope was to save this life—her only remaining love to lay it down.

Her path, for many miles, lay through the deep, lonely, monotonous wilderness of forest, that, rising and falling with the low mountain ranges, extended over more than half the county. Her only fear was that in the dense dark mass of the trees often so low and interlaced, that a single tree of the forest, or a single mountain's hesitation to bow her head, might have dashed her brains out against the intersecting branches of the trees. But she had a fearless heart and a firm sight, and in the despairing absence of her powers of reflection, this danger was not a very great restant. But she rode on, like a monomaniac. Intensely fearless, and like a monomaniac, strangely possessed. As night deepened, and lowered, and thickened around her in the awful depths of the forest, and the wind howled like the hungry wolf, the more cozy of the forest dens, and the more fearful wind-sighing, all the horrors were shut and dark, and the only light left, before the lonely traveler, was the glare of the stage and post office.

She passed like a meteor through the gloomy forest, and like a meteor through the dark town that!" from a loiterer in the stage-office, who heard the hurried flight, and emerged again upon an open plain, over which her road lay for many miles. Another village gleamed up from the Long ere day. But—no! it was only a light in the hand with the same lightning-like speed.

Still she rode on, and on, in spite of danger and fatigue than the lonely little mountain pony that was carrying her light weight, but strong energy, more and more nearly like itself. The night was deeply dark—the clouds thick, and the wind rising, but still she rode on, without pitying time or distance, but turns, forests and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and she rushed into the East with fourfold anxiety for day. But still mountain, and forest, and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and still deep darkness hung like a pall over heaven and earth. But at length the signs of life, of human life, village or town in turn was seen and reached, and left behind, and still a wall of dense blackness hemmed up the Orient.

A new and very serious danger threatened her now. Her exhaustion was visible and her ability to death, was ready to fail, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened and recovered herself many times, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened every series and sinew to hold him up, and keep him on his feet, while totally unconscious of her self, he lashed with the whip and spurred on.

At length the dusky forest again riding for life, and the veins in her arms were swelled out like cords, with straining to hold the horse up on his feet. She could no longer be lightened, and slackened her pace, but it was growing lighter, and she could distinguish objects in the distance, far and near, and on, and on, at length came out of the forest in time to see the broad rays of the rising sun gilding the dome of the Capitol. She was down of a farm-house flashing back the early light gleamed upon her window, and she was time her horse reeled and fell at her feet. "Oh, my Lord!" "Are you hurt?" "Run here, Tim," "Run here, Jack!" "Run here, Jim!" "Run here, lads! I can you tell us!"

Catherine was at her self of a dream, so many people around her all asking questions, and all attempting to extricate her from her horse and her self. She gazed bewildered at her, as was her need when trying to dispel thought, and looked at the face of the speaker.

"My Lord, I'm afraid she's very much hurt. Can you speak, lady? Where is your injury?" said the eldest man of the party, kindly feeling her in his arms.

"No, no hurt. But—but the least in the horse!"

"We don't know, ma'am, I'm sure it's a blessed thing your not killed yourself," said another of the group, who, with several more, were trying to raise the horse to his feet.

"Pray put me down upon my feet. Thank you—no hurt. How far is Washington City from this place?" and Catherine, as she stood watching her horse.

"Good forty miles, lady. I don't think he's hurt, but poor fellow, he's trembling with fatigue, and the farmer, measuring her, and then examining the horse, which was raised at last and stood trembling and blowing.

"Can I take me to Washington to-day?" asked Catherine, as she leaned against the horse for support.

"Ha—ha, ha, ha, ha! Why look at him, lady! Besides, can go there yourself anyhow? Why you're ready to drop now!

Now, don't a suit in de house, you calls to min', an' 'll jist 'fit you. Sent up hended to Miss Georgy, when she were a nasgurnode-playactiestic' here will ris sly folks, here one Christmas. Dey'll fit you to a tee."

"No, thank you, Henry!"

"You ain't mad 'long o' me for sayin' of it, is you, Miss Kate?"

"Ha! I've got it! No, Henry."

"Nor likewise 'nspeed in yer feelin's?"

"No, no, you did but mistake," answered Catherine, getting into her saddle, while James held the pony, and Henry affectionately arranged the riding skirt around her and handed her the whip.

"There, there, that will do; good-bye, all of you," said Catherine, hurriedly.

Henry burst into loud wailing. Catherine paused and laid her hand upon her shoulder, silencing her, while she said,

"My poor girl, do not fear. I have committed myself to the Lord! I am in His hands. I trust in Him, else I should not dare do this which seems to you so much like madness. I trust in Him, and no evil can befall me."

"But oh! mist'ess, mist'ess!" If you should arter all perish?"

"If I perish, if certain—it will be no evil if the Lord permits it!"

"I doesn't b'lieve de Lord am gwine for to 'suit it. Sech safe 'bout young mist'ess, I does! I b'lieve how of Admiralle Cockburn or any of his Jubilists was to come for to starve Mist'ess, treatin' in Hebben as she does, how a thunderbolt would strike him down anner, an' she so puts her trust in de Lord, should come to say harm."

"Oh, my dear, faithful, dear nurse!" exclaimed the more ardent Henry. "I ain't heard for you no longer, mist'ess, dear! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Catherine waved her hand in adieu, gave rein to her gentle, well-bred horse, and started, and seemed to fly over the lane. She was fervored, excited—and inspired," my either. Night was closing darkly around her. But he sedative shadows had no power to soothe her excited nerves—the dress were falling, but they had no efficacy to cool her fevered veins; a long journey lay before her, but its length could not daunt her courage; dangers were thickly strewn about her path, but they could not appall her; her only desire, her only aspiration, was to reach her destination in season, if possible, to rescue this boy from death, because he was dear to Clifton—dearer than all the world but his rife, was she now thought: and now her life itself seemed little worth, since the hope that was life worthily end, was laid low. Her only remaining hope was to save this life—her only remaining love to lay it down.

Her path, for many miles, lay through the deep, lonely, monotonous wilderness of forest, that, rising and falling with the low mountain ranges, extended over more than half the county. Her only fear was that in the dense dark mass of the trees often so low and interlaced, that a single tree of the forest, or a single mountain's hesitation to bow her head, might have dashed her brains out against the intersecting branches of the trees. But she had a fearless heart and a firm sight, and in the despairing absence of her powers of reflection, this danger was not a very great restant. But she rode on, like a monomaniac. Intensely fearless, and like a monomaniac, strangely possessed. As night deepened, and lowered, and thickened around her in the awful depths of the forest, and the wind howled like the hungry wolf, the more cozy of the forest dens, and the more fearful wind-sighing, all the horrors were shut and dark, and the only light left, before the lonely traveler, was the glare of the stage and post office.

She passed like a meteor through the gloomy forest, and like a meteor through the dark town that!" from a loiterer in the stage-office, who heard the hurried flight, and emerged again upon an open plain, over which her road lay for many miles. Another village gleamed up from the Long ere day. But—no! it was only a light in the hand with the same lightning-like speed.

Still she rode on, and on, in spite of danger and fatigue than the lonely little mountain pony that was carrying her light weight, but strong energy, more and more nearly like itself. The night was deeply dark—the clouds thick, and the wind rising, but still she rode on, without pitying time or distance, but turns, forests and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and she rushed into the East with fourfold anxiety for day. But still mountain, and forest, and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and still deep darkness hung like a pall over heaven and earth. But at length the signs of life, of human life, village or town in turn was seen and reached, and left behind, and still a wall of dense blackness hemmed up the Orient.

A new and very serious danger threatened her now. Her exhaustion was visible and her ability to death, was ready to fail, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened and recovered herself many times, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened every series and sinew to hold him up, and keep him on his feet, while totally unconscious of her self, he lashed with the whip and spurred on.

At length the dusky forest again riding for life, and the veins in her arms were swelled out like cords, with straining to hold the horse up on his feet. She could no longer be lightened, and slackened her pace, but it was growing lighter, and she could distinguish objects in the distance, far and near, and on, and on, at length came out of the forest in time to see the broad rays of the rising sun gilding the dome of the Capitol. She was down of a farm-house flashing back the early light gleamed upon her window, and she was time her horse reeled and fell at her feet. "Oh, my Lord!" "Are you hurt?" "Run here, Tim," "Run here, Jack!" "Run here, Jim!" "Run here, lads! I can you tell us!"

Catherine was at her self of a dream, so many people around her all asking questions, and all attempting to extricate her from her horse and her self. She gazed bewildered at her, as was her need when trying to dispel thought, and looked at the face of the speaker.

"My Lord, I'm afraid she's very much hurt. Can you speak, lady? Where is your injury?" said the eldest man of the party, kindly feeling her in his arms.

"No, no hurt. But—but the least in the horse!"

"We don't know, ma'am, I'm sure it's a blessed thing your not killed yourself," said another of the group, who, with several more, were trying to raise the horse to his feet.

"Pray put me down upon my feet. Thank you—no hurt. How far is Washington City from this place?" and Catherine, as she stood watching her horse.

"Good forty miles, lady. I don't think he's hurt, but poor fellow, he's trembling with fatigue, and the farmer, measuring her, and then examining the horse, which was raised at last and stood trembling and blowing.

"Can I take me to Washington to-day?" asked Catherine, as she leaned against the horse for support.

"Ha—ha, ha, ha, ha! Why look at him, lady! Besides, can go there yourself anyhow? Why you're ready to drop now!

Oh! it seemed a mockery, a snare, to put forgiveness upon such an impracticable condition! Yet she thought him no setter of snares. She thought over the whole of the letter, searching for a hint, she needed not to look at it again—every line and word was burned in upon her brain and heart—she thought over the whole of it, earnestly searching for a clue to action—she found it at length in the phrases, "He only waits the Admiral's order for execution," and "Admiral Cockburn and General Ross are now on their march to Washington City." She thought if she could see the Admiral, she might yet save his life—if so little worth as a sacrifice to the enemy, but of such inestimable value to her. The date of the letter was the twenty-first —this day was the twenty-third. "Oh! he is probably executed by this time," said Despair-dooms. "But possibly not," said Hope. She tried to think clearly, to separate the dreadful chaos of thought and passion, and to weigh and adjust circumstances, so as she might decide and act promptly. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross must be near Washington, if they had not already reached the city. Washington was two full day's journey from her home, but every hour was precious, for life and death might hang upon it. She could perform the journey in a day and night. Her resolution was taken. Going up to where Henry sat crying, and rocking herself backward and forward, she said,

"Rise, Henry, and go and tell James to saddle my horse, *my rough canter pony*. Henry, he is the strongest and the fleetest, and bring him around to the door."

"Oh, Miss Kate! does you think he'll eat 'em more 'nough?"

"What do you mean, Henry—are you crazy?"

"Admiralle Cockbu'n, honey. Does you think he'll eat Mass Archy an' brother Jack, 'nuss 'nough? I hopes not, 'cause you see, chile, brother Jack he's so poor 'an lean, an' Mass Archy, he must be tough an' stringy 'nough, too long a' all dis yer warfarin', but Lor', 'hope he'll think der good 'nough for serious rations, and give 'em to dem."

"Henry, that is all a notion."

"Boat, Miss Kate, you know, honey."

"Yes, yes—don't stop me now, Henry! hasten! hasten! quick! quick, Henry! Have my pony saddled, and then hurry back to me!"

"But, Miss Kate, are you sure?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you, Henry, hurry!"

The woman went out, and Catherine sat down and penned a hasty note to her neighbor, the Hon. Colonel Grant of Hatchlands, requesting him to give a slight supervision of affairs at White Cliffs during her absence for a few days. By the time she had sealed and directed it, Henry reappeared.

"Pony's ready, an' riding-dress, Henry," was her next prompt command.

"Go, honey, go, Miss Kate, where—"

"Go, Henry, at once, and don't stay to question me."

The maid obeyed, and her mistress rang the bell, and gave the note she had written to a boy, to carry to Hatchlands.

As he left the room, Henry entered it with the riding-dress.

"Help me on with it at once, Henry," said Catherine, mounting her.

"Mr. Catherine, Miss Kate! you to be gone out this time o' night, an' we-dem in so much trouble. Miss Kate, you no 'tend to leave me, nor to wait on you, but Jerome, he's gittin' ready."

"No, no, I don't want anybody."

"Dear me, mist'ess, honey, where's you gwine?"

"Didn't I tell you? To Washington City."

"To Washington?" exclaimed Henry, letting the skirt of her dress fall from his hands, and looking up in utmost.

"Yes, yes, didn't I tell you—to Washington, to see Admiral Cockburn, and save your brother. I do not believe of Cockburn—I never believed that story—it was reported of them, and I think if Lig and make a proper representation to him, he shall be able to save Jack."

Henry stood gazing at her mistress in the same stupor.

"Come, come, Henry! give me the other sleeve around here," said Catherine, impatiently.

Still Henry stood and stared in a stupor, until suddenly all her muscles and limbs gave way, and she sank down before her mistress, and bowed her knees, looked up into her face, and with clasped hands, implored her entreaties.

"Don't go, mist'ess, don't go—don't trust your l'ong to Admiralle Cockburn an' he wicked men 'round him."

"I must, Henry."

"Oh, no, no, Mass'ter what happened at Ramon Henry, an' Hamilton, how day spoke an' signed to Mass'ter Archy, an' how he was a prisoner on board the British fleet, true to your command, to your own messenger, and reckless of his own danger, procured a boat of Bedouin Arabs, and slungshot this night. You now know the result, as well as I can inform you. The vessel in which you had put in from as a spy, and has been detained by the Admiral's orders for examination. My own inconvenience in detaining me is great indeed, nevertheless, I may as well inform you that I, who was your messenger, your messenger ought to communication with me, have also to thank you for your kindness in having me under arrest, and nothing but the relaxation of strict rule in the prison, enabled me to write you this. The commander, and a most courteous, affords me the opportunity of writing to you by this note. Admiral Cockburn and General Ross are now in the city, the capital of the State. I am not subject to writing to you in secrecy; that is a matter on by all hopes of salvation, that unless you, as you solemnly acknowledged, did not send me to Admiral Cockburn."

"Oh, Miss Kate! I know you 'spect. Don't talk so an' long, though every word you say but faint for resolution to go."

"Henry, I tell you I must go. Are you going for the pony, or shall I?"

"There, give me my hat, Henry."

"Oh, deary me, what's you gwine for to take long o' 'em, to wait on you, chile?"

"Henry, will you go for my pony?"

"I told you so one, Henry—where are my gloves?"

"Here dey is, honey. Oh, mist'ess, don't—don't—don't, mist'ess!" half sobs. "Take Jeemes long o' you! He's brave as a lion—honest to goodness."

"No, James would need rest and food on the road, Henry. I shall not take him. Go for the pony—I must go myself."

"Oh, Miss Kate, honey, long as de's life don't hope an' no 'casion for 'spair. Is he berry bad, honey?"

"He's well—well," said Catherine, in the same tone.

"Well, den, long as he's well, what 'casion you take on so, honey—Oh! my Lor'—taint taint poor brother Jack so nothing's happened to it!"

"Oh, Heaven! Your master and Jack have both been taken prisoners by Admiral Cockburn!"

"Oh, Miss Kate! Oh, my Lor'. Miss Kate! An' dey do tell me how he ole his prisoners 'less," exclaimed Henry, falling down into a chair, flinging her clinch apron over her head, and beginning to cry.

Almost heedless of her hard master's rudest demonstrations of grief and horror, Catherine walked up and down the floor, with her hands clasped spread her temples, in the very agony of thought. To save the boy from death—for she, at that remote distance, to save him!

Our Picture Gallery.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

The scene is a faithful representation of the original fortune Temple at Nauvoo, burnt

Bester p in and let the old woman put you to bed. You're in a desperate fever."

"It is so 'tis very stiff and weary—having ridden at night. But I must reach Washington and—delay, there is one I care about under science of death. If I reach there in time, I will be the cause of his safety. I must go to-day."

Catherine spoke this fervently and firmly, as if her resolution were unalterable.

"Son of her 'latious gone to be hung, an' she gwin to see President Madison to get him off. He mighty 'shun! It is matter to be laborer t' another.

"Can—can let me have a horse to take me there to-day. I will pay twice—ten times his value," said Catherine, raising her heavy eyelids to old farmer's kind face.

"Lad. I'll let you have another horse in two hours than this, on condition that you go in to my old woman and take some refreshment, and lie down to rest for that time. And not a minute more," said the only other farmer present, "even if it was your father who was going to be hung. Why, I'll be you haven't been because I'm very clearly that, unless you take some one you will drop down dead before you reach the city. Come, neighbor."

"It is not—it is the voice of Providence. I shall—I thank you very much. I can—I will take the time."

"Lad. I'll let you have another horse in two hours than this, on condition that you go in to my old woman and take some refreshment, and lie down to rest for that time. And not a minute more," said the only other farmer present, "even if it was your father who was going to be hung. Why, I'll be you haven't been because I'm very clearly that, unless you take some one you will drop down dead before you reach the city. Come, neighbor."

"It is not—it is the voice of Providence. I shall—I thank you very much. I can—I will take the time."

Her path, for many miles, lay through the deep, lonely, monotonous wilderness of forest, that, rising and falling with the low mountain ranges, extended over more than half the county. Her only fear was that in the dense dark mass of the trees often so low and interlaced, that a single tree of the forest, or a single mountain's hesitation to bow her head, might have dashed her brains out against the intersecting branches of the trees. But she had a fearless heart and a firm sight, and in the despairing absence of her powers of reflection, this danger was not a very great restant. But she rode on, like a monomaniac. Intensely fearless, and like a monomaniac, strangely possessed. As night deepened, and lowered, and thickened around her in the awful depths of the forest, and the wind howled like the hungry wolf, the more cozy of the forest dens, and the more fearful wind-sighing, all the horrors were shut and dark, and the only light left, before the lonely traveler, was the glare of the stage and post office.

She passed like a meteor through the gloomy forest, and like a meteor through the dark town that!" from a loiterer in the stage-office, who heard the hurried flight, and emerged again upon an open plain, over which her road lay for many miles. Another village gleamed up from the Long ere day. But—no! it was only a light in the hand with the same lightning-like speed.

Still she rode on, and on, in spite of danger and fatigue than the lonely little mountain pony that was carrying her light weight, but strong energy, more and more nearly like itself. The night was deeply dark—the clouds thick, and the wind rising, but still she rode on, without pitying time or distance, but turns, forests and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and she rushed into the East with fourfold anxiety for day. But still mountain, and forest, and fields continued to loom, appear and vanish as she passed them by, and still deep darkness hung like a pall over heaven and earth. But at length the signs of life, of human life, village or town in turn was seen and reached, and left behind, and still a wall of dense blackness hemmed up the Orient.

A new and very serious danger threatened her now. Her exhaustion was visible and her ability to death, was ready to fail, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened and recovered herself many times, and she did not dare to stop. Her mind seemed to be enlightened every series and sinew to hold him up, and keep him on his feet, while totally unconscious of her self, he lashed with the whip and spurred on.

At length the dusky forest again riding for life, and the veins in her arms were swelled out like cords, with straining to hold the horse up on his feet. She could no longer be lightened, and slackened her pace, but it was growing lighter, and she could distinguish objects in the distance, far and near, and on, and on, at length came out of the forest in time to see the broad rays of the rising sun gilding the dome of the Capitol. She was down of a farm-house flashing back the early light gleamed upon her window, and she was time her horse reeled and fell at her feet. "Oh, my Lord!" "Are you hurt?" "Run here, Tim," "Run here, Jack!" "Run here, Jim!" "Run here, lads! I can you tell us!"

Catherine was at her self of a dream, so many people around her all asking questions, and all attempting to extricate her from her horse and her self. She gazed bewildered at her, as was her need when trying to dispel thought, and looked at the face of the speaker.

"My Lord, I'm afraid she's very much hurt. Can you speak, lady? Where is your injury?" said the eldest man of the party, kindly feeling her in his arms.

"No, no hurt. But—but the least in the horse!"

"We don't know, ma'am, I'm sure it's a blessed thing your not killed yourself," said another of the group, who, with several more, were trying to raise the horse to his feet.

"Pray put me down upon my feet. Thank you—no hurt. How far is Washington City from this place?" and Catherine, as she stood watching her horse.

"Good forty miles, lady. I don't think he's hurt, but poor fellow, he's trembling with fatigue, and the farmer, measuring her, and then examining the horse, which was raised at last and stood trembling and blowing.

"Can I take me to Washington to-day?" asked Catherine, as she leaned against the horse for support.

"Ha—ha, ha, ha, ha! Why look at him, lady! Besides, can go there yourself anyhow? Why you're ready to drop now!

Now, dere's a suit in de house, you calls to min', an' 'll jist 'fit you. Sent up hended to Miss Georgy, when she were a nasgurnode-playactiestic' here will ris sly folks, here one Christmas. Dey'll fit you to a tee."

"No, thank you, Henry!"

"You ain't mad 'long o' me for sayin' of it, is you, Miss Kate?"

"Ha! I've got it! No, Henry."

"Nor likewise 'nspeed in yer feelin's?"

"No, no, you did but mistake," answered Catherine, getting into her saddle, while James held the pony, and Henry affectionately arranged the riding skirt around her and handed her the whip.

"There, there, that will do; good-bye, all of you," said Catherine, hurriedly.

Henry burst into loud wailing. Catherine paused and laid her hand upon her shoulder, silencing her, while she said,

"My poor girl, do not fear. I have committed myself to the Lord! I am in His hands. I trust in Him, else I should not dare do this which seems to you so much like madness. I trust in Him, and no evil can befall me."

"But oh! mist'ess, mist'ess!" If you should arter all perish?"

"If I perish, if certain—it will be no evil if the Lord permits it!"

"I doesn't b'lieve de Lord am gwine for to 'suit it. Sech safe 'bout young mist'ess, I does! I b'lieve how of Admiralle Cockburn or any of his Jubilists was to come for to starve Mist'ess, treatin' in Hebben as she does, how a thunderbolt would strike him down anner, an' she so puts her trust in de Lord, should come to say harm."

"Oh, my dear, faithful, dear nurse!" exclaimed the more ardent Henry. "I ain't heard for you no longer, mist'ess, dear! Hallelujah! Amen!"

Catherine waved her hand in adieu, gave rein to her gentle, well-bred horse, and started, and seemed to fly over the lane. She was fervored, excited—and inspired," my either. Night was closing darkly around her. But he sedative shadows had no power to soothe her excited nerves—the dress were falling, but they had no efficacy to cool her fevered veins; a long journey lay before her, but its length could not daunt her courage; dangers were thickly strewn about her path, but they could not appall her; her only desire, her only aspiration, was to reach her destination in season, if possible, to rescue this boy from death, because he was dear to Clifton—dearer than all the world but his rife, was she now thought: and now her life itself seemed little worth, since the hope that was life worthily end, was laid low. Her only remaining hope was to save this life—her only remaining love to lay it down.

Her path, for many miles, lay through the deep, lonely, monotonous wilderness of forest, that, rising and falling with the low mountain ranges, extended over more than

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2. If paid in advance—$1. If not paid in advance. For $2 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We sometimes the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, $5 00 Per Annum.
9 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

ADDRESS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will show their number, and that it is at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, and at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The MONEY for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—but a draft on a bank will be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters should be post paid.*

Subscribers gaining their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post, or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. E. B. What you justly object to, unless a few a personal or moral character. We do not intend to decide which. It is a delicate subject, however, and "the wise and the modest smile."

OUR NOVELETS.

Owing to the length of Mrs. Southworth's captivating novelet—which is much longer than she originally designed or we expected—we shall not be able to commence Mr. Reynolds's novelet.

CLARA MORELAND,

before the first week in January. This also will push Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet of

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL

a month or so forward in the new year. We hope to be able to begin it—although Mr. Reynolds's novelet will not, probably, be finished at that time—by about the first or second week in February. We shall probably be forced to run them together for a while, as we did last spring with "The Discarded Daughter" and "Edifice."

As we send our Prospectus this week, to make room for the long one of President Fillmore's, we may state, for the benefit of strangers who choose to see this number of the Post, that, after the exportation of the above novelets we shall publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT.

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, &c. And to-day that by another story from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF ROWLEY HALL.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper in the shape of selected stories, sketches, new essays, from the English magazines, general and political news, &c. shall not be neglected.

THE CRIME OF CUPIDS.—Mrs. Southworth writes us that another number, she thinks, will conclude the interesting novelet. We hardly see how it can be finished under two numbers, but she ought to know best. Neither Mrs. S. or ourselves had any idea when we began, that it would run to such a length—for we had expressly stipulated for one about half to four. Had that proved to be false estimate, we should have been worried greatly, after what we had said to our readers. Judging from our letters however, that are well satisfied with it, taking it all in all. We find that few can leave the book in a single number with any great degree of philosophical calmness.

THE MESSAGE.

For the benefit of readers of "the basic plan of song" order, we give, as usual, a summary of the information which our great Nation Fillmore has communicated to the heads of all the Hosts—one to both houses of Congress—as to how, after the smoking of the Calumet of Peace by the various chiefs—all looking grim—set at smoking together, one party for having completely outwitted his opponents, and the other for having been as well and completely beaten, the Message was handed in, and read aloud (without silence—as was the case, of course, only broken by the occasional purring of loud artillery upon the floor, from the fortunate tips of the Senators and South Western clubfeet.

The Grand Talk begun with the usual general thanks to the Great Spirit, that He had crowned the labors of the husbandman with an abundant harvest, and stayed the ravages of pestilence.

The death of Daniel Webster is briefly but sympathizingly alluded to.

The Fishery Dispute will our esteemed Uncle Sam, it hopes) be in a way of satisfactory settlement. Bail is rather greedy in insisting to catch all the fish in the ocean—a thing which it is his nature. We have been very kind to Bull in allowing him to overwhelm the whole trade in fish of our waters, by reducing the duty—and it is to be hoped that Bull will soon perceive. Bull writes that the Fisheries, and the question of Commercial Intercourse with the British Provinces, should be considered closely; but Brother Fillmore thinks it best not to rush this to stand on its own bottom. Of course, he does not make that very phrase, the appropriateness of it probably not occurring to him. It amounts to the same thing, I guess.

As to Cuba, the Captain General is clothed with no power to treat with foreign governments, and all our communications thereto must be made with Spain—except so far as courtesy prescribes the General to hold friendly relations with us. Serious Filmore says:

Anxious to put an end to the existing unfortunate state of affairs, I directed the newly-appointed Minister to Mexico to visit Havana on his way to Vera Cruz. He was respectfully received by the Captain General, who communicated to him (both on the recent occurrences; but no permanent arrangement was effected.

In the meantime, the refusal of the Captain General to allow passengers and the mail to be landed in certain cases for a reason which from motives of humanity this Government could not even a good pretext for the refusal for such a prohibition, has been made the occasion of the most remonstrance at Madrid; and I have no reason to doubt that due respect will be paid to the Government of Her Catholic Majesty to the representations which our Minister has been instructed to make on the subject.

It is but justice to the Captain General to add, that the conduct for which he was thus reproposed to carry the mails of the United States to Havana has, with one exception since observed, been marked with kindness and liberality, and indicates no personal hostility or feeling with the commercial correspondence and intercourse between the two countries.

Early in the present year official notice was received from the Ministers of France and England, inviting the Government of the United States to become a party with Great Britain and France in a tripartite Convention, by which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation has been unreservedly declined, for reasons which it would occupy too much space in the communication to state in detail, but which will be found fully set forth in the correspondence of my predecessor, carried by him

[illegible] tion of France and England to be assured that the United States entertain no designs against Cuba, but that, on the contrary, it should regard its incorporation into the Union at the present time as fraught with serious peril.

Were this island comparatively destitute of inhabitants, or occupied by a friendly race, I should regard, if voluntarily ceded by Spain, as a most desirable acquisition. But, under existing circumstances, I should look upon its incorporation into our Union as a mere annexation of military power to the Republic. It would bring into the Confederation a population of different origin, speaking a different language, and still likely to last—with the existing causes—for years, perhaps indefinitely, as a prejudicial manner the tranquillity of the Union. It would bring into existing those conflicts of opinion between the different sections of the country, which have already been productive of so much excitement.

We have thought it well to quote the above, relative to Cuba, at length—as it is important, and of interest to all our readers—ladies included.

The difficulty with Mexico relative to the Tehuantepec treaty, is briefly alluded to. Sachem Fillmore hopes it will be "amicably adjusted."

It is also hoped that the everlasting Nicaragua and Mosquito difficulty will be settled ere the end of these days, through a spirit of conciliation and reasonableness.

Recent movements in South America are operating to the trade of the world the great interests of the United States. Let it, by justice and wit.

The Goose Bangle is alluded to briefly—as it should be. The least said about it the better.

As to the Japan Expedition, we have the following agreeable information—proving that Sachem Fillmore is not the man to allow a denounce Filibustering towards Cuba, while playing for Filibuster on a national scale to the South Seas:

I have accordingly been led to order an appropriation to defray the expenses of the same, and of a discreet and intelligent officer of the highest rank, to the seat of the Japanese Empire, instructed to endeavor to obtain from the Government of that country more extensive rights for the friendly and well-disposed people of the United States than those now enjoyed by the small and jealously limited, and that the expedition is intended to be the harbinger of the dawn of a more enlightened and liberal policy on the part of the Government of Japan.

The reciprocal visits of the naval officers of the United States amount to 63,729,396 dollars—the total imports of the industry in Mexico, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, leaving a balance of $14,662,816 72 in favor of the former the first day of July last. Since this latter period, further purchases of the principal of the public debt have been made to the extent of one million four hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and fifty-six dollars and fifty cents, ($1,456,562 50,) and the surplus in the Treasury will continue to be applied to that object, whenever such can be procured on terms within the limits set to price, authorized by law.

The receipts into the Treasury—clear of the unpaid and interest of the public debt, including the last instalment of the indemnity to Mexico, under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, leaving a balance of $14,662,816 72 in the Treasury on the first day of July last. Since this latter period, further purchases of the principal of the public debt have been made to the extent of one million four hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred and fifty-six dollars and fifty cents, ($1,456,562 50,) and the surplus in the Treasury will continue to be applied to that object, whenever such can be procured on terms within the limits set to price, authorized by law.

The receipts into the treasury—clear of the unpaid and interest of the public debt, including the last instalment of the indemnity to Mexico, under the treasury

...the country in a state of peace and prosperity.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

Washington, Dec. 6, 1852.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1852.

REMARKS—The foreign advices received this week have somewhat unsettled the Cotton market, but otherwise they have had no effect. Breadstuffs have been in moderate request, without any material changes in prices, but the scarcity of suitable vessels has had a tendency to restrict operations. Coal continues to arrive freely, and meets a steady inquiry. Iron is held firmly, but there is little or no stock to operate in. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses the sales have been unimportant. In Provisions there has been but a small business doing, buyers and sellers being apart in their views. Salt has advanced. Cloverseed is in demand at a further improvement. Wool commands full rates. Money is abundant for all mercantile purposes. Exchange on England rules at 110a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour have somewhat increased since our last weekly report, but the stock continues comparatively small. There has been a moderate export demand, and 9a10,000 bbls mixed and good brands have been disposed of at $5a5.12½ per bbl, but mostly at the former quotation, and half bbls $5,37½ per pair. To-day most holders ask $5,25, in consequence of the favorable ad...

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 1,000 head in market, and sold from $7 25 to 8,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 150 in market at prices ranging from $12 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4 50; the latter from $1,00 to 3,00, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, DEC. 4.

ASHES—Prices unchanged; sales of 50 barrels at $4,62½a4,68¾ for Pots, and $5,75 for Pearls.

COTTON—There is less inquiry to-day, and the market is a shade lower. Sales of 500 bales.

FLOUR, &C.—There is less doing in the Flour market to-day, and prices of common descriptions are scarcely so firm. For speculation and export there is rather more inquiry; while we notice a material falling off in the demand for home consumption. The sales of the day aggregate 9,500 bbls at $5,00a5,12½ for common to straight, mostly at the inside price, and taken by speculators, and $5,12½a5,31¼ for common to good Ohio, and mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana. The fancies and extras are without material change. There is nothing of importance doing in Canadian Flour, and prices are nominally the same.—Southern Flour is inactive; prices, however, are without material change. Sales of 600 bbls at $5,44a5,50. Rye Flour is sold at $1,50a4,56¼. Corn Meal is quiet and firm at $3,75 for Jersey, and $4 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour is selling at $2a2,25 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The severe storm prevailing, and the firmness of the freight market, serves to check transactions. The supply offering is pretty large. Sales of 2,800 bushels red Ohio inferior, at $1,07; 3,700 good Genesee at $1,25; 1,500 prime Canadian at $1,15, 2,600 prime white Michigan at $1,20. Rye is in pretty good request, and the market is a shade firmer.—Sales of 3,200 bushels prime State at 93c. Barley is quiet. A very good sample was offered at 74c. The Corn market is a shade firmer for new, with only a moderate quantity offering. Sales of 17,000 bushels at 71a74c for new Southern, and 78a80c for old Western, mixed and yellow. Oats are dull at 52a54c for Western and State. Small sales of Canadian Peas at 90c.

PROVISIONS—There is only a very moderate business doing in Pork, and the market is still easier; sales of 430 bbls at $18,... for old Mess, and $15,25 for Prime, $18,87½a19 for new city Mess, and $15,87½a16 for Prime. For Beef the demand is good, and the market firm; sales of 600 bbls at $9a9,87½ for country Mess; $13,25a13,... for repacked Chicago; $14,25a14,50 for extra do, and $5a6 for Prime. A sale of 200 tcs extra Chicago prime Mess was made at $21,50. Sales of 100 bbls Beef Hams at $14,75. Dressed Hogs are selling at 7a8c, mostly at 7¼a7½. The Lard market favors the purchaser; sales of 300 bbls and tcs at 12a13c, the inner price for old No 1. 3,000 lbs new at 12½, without packages, and 1,050 kegs old No 1 at 12c. Butter is selling at 19a22c for Ohio, and 23a27c for Western dairies. Cheese is dull at 8a9c.

WHISKEY—Prices favor the purchaser. Sales of 280 bbls at 25, and 25 drudge at 24½, time.

HAY—A good demand, with sales of 250 bales at $1,31¼ to 1,37½.

FREIGHTS—3,000 bushels Wheat were engaged for Liverpool at 11d in the ships' bags, 600 bbls Flour at 3s 3d, 1,300 do to Glasgow, at 3s 7½d; 200 Rosin at 4s, and 500 do to Liverpool, at 3s 6d.

A VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

☞ So celebrated has Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge become, that it is regarded as the only specific cure for worms. Families should never be without a supply of it. At this season particularly when worms are so troublesome and frequently fatal among children, parents should be watchful; and on the first appearance of those distressing symptoms which warn us of their presence at once apply this powerful and efficacious remedy. We are confident that it only requires a trial, to convince all that it richly merits the praises that have been lavished on it. It is safe and infallible. Volumes of certificates can be produced, showing its great medical virtues.

For sale at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

☞ DR. SWAINE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, for the aged, the delicate and depraved appetite is powerfully nutritious; it enters into the circulation, enriches and purifies the blood, increasing the strength; and for obstinate...

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1, Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling Agent for the Western States, assisted by *John T. Dent, Dr. J. A. Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, William Moore, Charles Carroll, O. J. Dyer, C. M. L. Wiseman, and H. J. Thomas.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling Agent for the States of Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *C. F. Lewis, James O. Lewis, and Samuel D. Lewis.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, Peran Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, D. R. Goodin, Wm. J. Covey, Isaac M. Bodine, and Walter D. Thompson.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States, and a portion of the State of New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 *Ann St., N. Y.*

Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*

Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*

Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans La.*

Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore Md.*

Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*

Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 39 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

The Cheapest and Best yet Offered!

Eighty Pages per Month of Choice Reading Matter for $2 a-year, or in Clubs of Four at only $1,25 per Annum.

WE HAVE NO APOLOGY TO OFFER for presenting the public with a New Magazine. Just such a periodical as we design to make, is, we believe, wanted; and, if our view on this point be correct, the public will duly respond to our effort.

A new Nouvelette, by the Editor, was commenced...

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (sixteen lines) one insertion,				$2.00
"	"	"	three months,	$15.00
"	"	"	six months,	$25.00
"	"	"	a year,	$50.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

GODEY'S GALLERY
OF
SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

TENTH EDITION.

AN OPPORTUNITY is now offered to procure some of the *Finest Steel Engravings* ever published. Over thirty of them are neatly done up in covers for the centre-table, or for the collector of engravings, and are offered at the low price of 50 cents. No prettier ornament for the parlor could be desired. Those who prefer placing them in scrap books can take them apart for that purpose.

Remit 50 cents, or postage stamps to that amount, to

L. A. GODEY,
113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

The trade supplied on liberal terms. dec11-3t

NORTON'S LITERARY REGISTER, AND BOOK-BUYER'S ALMANAC, FOR 1853. An Annual Record of New Publications, Events in the Literary World, Library of Information, etc.

PROMINENT FEATURES.

I.

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF ALL AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS,

Original and reprinted, issued since the first of January, 1852, arranged under the author's names. The place of publication, the size, the price, and the publisher's name, will all be accurately stated.

II.

A SYNOPSIS OF ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS,

Giving similar particulars in regard to the more important works published in Great Britain, especially in the various branches of Natural Science.

III.

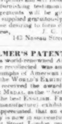
A LIST OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES,

Arranged geographically. Special information will be given in regard to those Libraries which have been organized during this year, or which have been materially enlarged.

IV.

PARTICULAR ACCOUNTS OF SOME OF THE LARGER LIBRARIES OF THIS COUNTRY,

Illustrated by engravings of their various edifices, in continuation of the plan commenced last year...



CLARKE'S EXCELSIOR CHURN.

CLARKE'S EXCELSIOR is the only rotary churn patented with stationary dasher. This improvement shortens the time of churning, and renders this churn the most *available* and *valuable* of any on sale. The *Dash* or cross-bar, and ventilating funnels, are set on the irons or stationary tubes on which the barrel turns. Prices for next season—crank churn, favorite sizes, delivered on R. R. at Utica $7,00 and $10,00 each. Irons for Excelsior Milk Churn, which can be made of any good iron hooped cask or barrel, $1.00 per sett. The tin cylinder and tubes for THERMOMETER, and running water through the *centre* of this churn, used in no other kind, furnished gratis.

☞ *From present indications, 100 to 300 Excelsior Churns are needed, and can be sold in every dairying County of the Union.*

Agents wanted. References and guarantees given. Apply at any time, post-paid, to

GEO. B. CLARKE,
Leonardsville, Madison Co., N. Y.

[Dairymen please keep the above for future reference.] 1t

PHILADA. AND SAVANNAH.

THE NEW SIDE-WHEEL STEAMSHIP

STATE OF GEORGIA

WILL SAIL FROM ONE OF THE ABOVE PORTS FOR THE OTHER

EVERY WEDNESDAY,

As follows:

FROM PHILADELPHIA. 1852.	1853.	FROM SAVANNAH. 1852.	1853.
Nov. 24th,	Mar. 16th,	Nov. 17th,	March 9th,
Dec. 8th,	Mar. 30th,	Dec. 1st,	Mar. 23rd,
Dec. 22nd,	April 13th,	Dec. 15th,	April 6th,
1853.	April 27th,	Dec. 29th,	April 20th,
Jan. 5th,	May 11th,	1853.	May 4th,
Jan. 19th,	May 25th,	Jan. 12th,	May 18th,
Feb. 2nd,	June 8th,	Jan. 26th,	June 1st,
Feb. 16th,	June 22nd,	Feb. 9th,	June 15th,
March 2nd,		Feb. 23rd,	June 29th.

☞ This Ship has been built with the strictest regard to SAFETY and COMFORT, and her accommodations for PASSENGERS are unsurpassed by those of any other Steamship on the Coast. Passengers by this Line are only TWO NIGHTS AT SEA, and enjoy River Navigation 100 miles on the Delaware. Time of passage, about 60 hours.

☞ A New Steamship now building, in every respect equal to the State of Georgia, will take her place in the Line during the month of June next, and will, with the State of Georgia, make a Weekly Line, leaving each Port on Wednesday.

Fare from Philadelphia to Savannah, $25.
From New York to Savannah, $25.
In Steerage, $9.

AGENTS AT PHILADELPHIA,
HERON & MARTIN, No. 37½ North Wharves.

AGENTS AT SAVANNAH,
PADELFORD, FAY & Co.

THE OAKFORD HAT AND CAP STORE,

No. 140 CHESNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

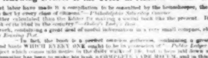
...HATS, CAPS, BONNETS, AND WINTER FURS.

AMERICAN POCKET LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

New and enlarged Edition! with numerous Engravings!! Sixteen Thousand Sold.

COPIES SENT EVERY WHERE, FREE OF POSTAGE, ON RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS.

Containing one thousand Receipts, Directions, &c., for Agriculture and successful Farming; Health, its preservation; the Culture of Flowers, of Silk, of Sugar Beets, &c., and the cure and treatment of Birds, of Horses, of Cows, of Poultry, of Bees, &c. The management and growth of the Hair; beauty and preservation of the Teeth; with Instructions for the Ladies in cooking Meats, and making Bread, Cakes, Pies, Preserves, Pickles; for making Ice Creams, and various healthy Drinks, &c. &c. Also, Canals, Rail Roads, Phrenology, and an immense amount of Political, Statistical, Geographical, and General Information, relating to the General Government, and the various States and Territories of the Union; Synopsis of Girard's Will, Washington's Farewell Address, and the Constitution of the United States, entire, with the Amendments, &c.



Read the following Notices of the Press in relation to this Work:

"Experience and patient labor have made it a compilation to be consulted by the housekeeper, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, and in fact by every class of citizens."—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

"We know of no one better calculated than the Editor for making a useful book like the present. It is a perfect Vade Mecum. It is the best book of its kind in the country."—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

"A very valuable little work, containing a great deal of useful information in a very small compass, elegantly stereotyped from fine type."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * * * * "In fact, the book is a perfect omnium gatherum, containing a great amount of highly useful information, facts and hints WHICH EVERY ONE ought to be in possession of."—*Public Ledger.*

"There is scarcely a subject which comes into notice in the daily walks of life, but is here laid down and familiarly illustrated. The object of the compiler has been to make his book a COMPLETE VADE MECUM, and in this he has succeeded."—*United States Gazette (Hon. J. R. Chandler).*

"This is a capital little volume. It is replete with information gleaned from a THOUSAND SOURCES and of the most AUTHENTIC CHARACTER.—The compiler has embodied more useful information than may be found in any volume of the same size that has ever been issued from the American press. THE PRICE is exceedingly reasonable."—*Pennsylvania Inquirer and Daily Courier.*

"We have never seen a volume embracing any thing like the same quantity of useful matter. The work is really a treasure, and should speedily find its way into every family."—*Saturday Chronicle (Hon. B. Matthias, President Senate of Pennsylvania).*

The New Edition published since the foregoing notices were made, contains double the number of pages, and is, beyond all question, the most comprehensive and valuable work of the kind ever published. Among the additions is the "Political and Commercial Chart," with the Flags of the Nations and appropriate embellishments; its Gold and Silver Coin Tables and valuable Statistics. This, with the fine Portraits and Autograph Signatures of ALL THE PRESIDENTS, make this a "Household Book," for every family. That monument of human wisdom, the CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, the work of the wisest, purest, and most patriotic men who ever assembled together; that sublime document, which guarantees the liberties we possess, ought to be in the hands of every American Citizen. This enriches the library, with, also, one thousand receipts. It may truly be said, that no work has ever appeared in which is condensed so immense an amount of useful information.

Among the new additions are—1. Catalogue of Useful Things. 2. Commercial Numbers. 3. New Postage Law. 4. Statistics of United States, Navy, Army, Debts of the several States, &c. 5. Each of the State Capitols, Time of holding Elections, Meeting of Legislatures, &c. 6. British Possessions. 7. Census of U. States for 1850, and each preceding Census. 8. Select Bible passages, and Religious sentiments of each President of the United States. 9. The Sabbath Convention Address. 10. Extensive Mint Tables, of Gold and Silver Coins of all Nations. 11. Distances and Directions of principal Places on the Globe. 12. Weights and Measures. 13. Universal Time Table. 14. Coat of Arms, &c., of thirteen original States. 15. Statistics and Flags of the principal Nations of the Earth. 16. Crystal Palace, Maps, Public Edifices, Portraits, &c., &c., &c.

Price only Fifty Cents, for this most complete and useful Pocket Library.

IT IS THE CHEAPEST VOLUME EVER PUBLISHED!!

Containing the substance of 70 Volumes in One, or, $100 for 50 Cents!

It also contains a large new Map of the United States, which is of itself worth the price of the book.

It is published complete in one volume, bound, with full page Illustrations, and Portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington until the present time, executed in the finest style of art.

A copy of the work will be sent to any person, to any place in the United States, *free of postage*, on their remitting 50 Cents to the Publisher, in a letter, post-paid, or Two copies will be sent, for One Dollar.

Published and for sale by T. B. PETERSON,
Nos. 98 and 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Postage on the LADY'S BOOK only Two Cents each number, if it is paid for three numbers in advance.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

THE PIONEER MAGAZINE. NEW VOLUME, XLVI.

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION AND ARTS UNION OF AMERICA!!

Immense increase of reading matter without reducing the number of full page Steel Engravings.

It is useless for the publisher of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK to make any great parade of what he intends to do. The work has been before the public for twenty-three years, and it is a well-known fact that the latter numbers of a year are always superior to the commencing ones, as he improves with the expense which each month brings him, seizing every new feature of the day and imparting it to his subscribers through the successive numbers of the book.

Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of magazines have been started, and, after a short life, have departed—while the "Lady's Book" alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the "Lady's Book" is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the pages of the "Lady's Book," whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

The expense of one number of the "Lady's Book," including steel engravings and literary matter, paid for, not taken from English magazines, far exceeds that of any other magazine published in this country. We make no exception, and are willing to have the fact tested.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

Remember that Godey gives more than four times as many Steel Engravings monthly as any other Magazine.

It is the fashion with many magazines to announce in their advertisements, "Splendid Engravings, Fashion Plates," &c. What is the disappointment of the duped subscriber when he receives the numbers of a magazine thus advertised, to find all his splendid engravings dwindled down to paltry wood-cuts—as contemptible in design as in execution!

The publisher of the "Lady's Book" performs all he promises, and, as some of our exchanges are kind enough to say, "more than he promises." Each number of the "Lady's Book" contains at least

Three Engravings from Steel Plates, Engraved by the Best Artists,

either in LINE, STIPPLE, or MEZZOTINT, and sometimes FOUR.

GODEY'S RELIABLE FASHION PLATES

are published monthly, and are considered the only really valuable fashion plates that are published. They have been the standard for over twenty-two years. In addition to the above, every month selections from the following are given, with simple directions that all may understand:—

Undoubted Receipts, Model Cottages, Model Cottage Furniture, Patterns for Window Curtains, Music, Crochet Work, Knitting, Netting, Patchwork, Crochet Flower Work, Hair Braiding, Ribbon Work, Chenille Work, Lace Collar Work, Children's and Infant's Clothes, Capes, Caps, Chemisettes—in fine, everything that can interest a Lady will find its appropriate place in her own Book.

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE, POSTAGE PAID.

One copy one year, $3. Two copies one year, $5.
Five copies one year, $10, and an extra copy to the person sending the club.
Thirteen copies one year, $20.
☞ Small notes of the different States are received at par for Godey's Lady's Book.
☞ Club subscribers will be sent to different towns.
☞ Additions of one or more to clubs are received at club prices.
☞ REGISTER your letters, and, when remitting, get your postmaster to write on the letter "**Registered.**" The money will then come safely. Remember, we have no travelling agents now, and all money must be sent direct to the publisher.
☞ *A Specimen or Specimens will be sent to any Postmaster making the request.*
☞ We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is stereotyped.

Address, L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

A SENSIBLE BOOK FOR MEN OF SENSE.

FREEDLY'S TREATISE ON BUSINESS.

A NEW EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

This book has been pronounced by the press, by the first commercial magazines, and by the THOUSANDS who have already purchased it, to be the best and most interesting book on **Money-Making** ever published. "With this book," says one distinguished merchant, whose success is the best of commentaries, "and the ordinary requisites, the road to competence will not, I think, be found a difficult one." "Every father of a family," says another, "should read this book through carefully, and *then each of his sons.*" "WE ADVISE FARMERS, MERCHANTS AND BUSINESS MEN GENERALLY BY ALL MEANS TO PROCURE A COPY." "It is only necessary for us to then to add," says the *Home Journal*, "that it is carefully and honestly written, and to recommend every one BENT ON BECOMING RICH, TO MASTER ITS CONTENTS." Several well known successful men have contributed their views, and the celebrated **P. T. Barnum** has written for it a sketch of his life, and his experience in money-making.

To accommodate persons in all sections of the country, we will mail, free of postage, a copy, handsomely bound in cloth (300 pp.), to any person, on receipt of one dollar ($1) and six postage stamps (18 c.). IT IS THE CHEAPEST BOOK YOU CAN BUY. The legal advice in it alone is worth many times its cost. "*A book not for a day, but all time.*" ADDRESS THE GENERAL AGENTS,

MILLER & BURLOCK, *Publishers and Book-Binders, Philadelphia.*

P. S.—AGENTS WANTED in every town and county in the United States, to sell the above book. To agents, postmasters, clubs, country merchants, or any person who will buy three or more copies to introduce in new neighborhoods, special inducements will be given. Any salesman can readily dispose of several copies. Address as above. dec11-tf

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$2 50 TO $10
VESTS,	2 00 " 4
PANTALOONS,	3 50 " 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. feb14-1y

TUSCARORA ACADEMY.

SIX miles from Perryville, Juniata county, Penn., recently enlarged to afford each student a private room, is now open for the reception of students. Being an endowed institution, we challenge competition. The whole expense per annum of a student is $81,50. Address, REV. WM. S. GARTHWAIT, } Principals.
REV. GEO. W. THOMPSON, }
Academia P. O., Penna.

References, Rev. Jos. H. Jones, D. D., 198 Spruce St.
Arthur Thacher, 177½ Market St.

The Winter session will commence the 1st of Nov. Circulars to be had at 177½ Market St. sep11-3m*

WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

The subscriber having made large additions to his stock of goods in the above line, would return his thanks for past favors, and respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage of his friends and the public in general. His stock is procured at the lowest Cash prices, and, consequently, he can and will sell at the very lowest prices.

WATCHES

Of various kinds and prices, consisting in part, of Gold Levers, Hunting Cases, from	$50 to 150
Gold do. open face white and Gold Dials	30 to 120
Silver Levers	15 to 30
Do. Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower prices than the above.

JEWELRY.

Ladies' Chatelains or Short Chains. Also, long Chains of various patterns. Medalions with 1, 2 and 4 glasses, designed for Hair or Daguerreotypes, various patterns, and of the very best quality in the market. Also, a large stock of Diamonds, set with Opals, Rubys, &c., together with a fine stock of Jewelry of every variety.

SILVER WARE.

In the manufacture of this article nothing is used for melting but half dollars, (old silver is never re-melted except when requested.) the public may, therefore, feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Tea Spoons from $4.50 to $8.00, Table Spoons from $15 to $30, the quality the same, the difference being in weight. Tea Setts made to order, Table, Tea, and Desert Forks, Butter Knives, Napkin Rings, Fish, Cake and Pie Knives, Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of Plated Spoons and Forks. Also, Cake Baskets and Castors, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Tea Setts beautiful patterns at low prices. Also Castors, with Cut Glass Bottle Urns, Water Kettles, &c.

All the above articles will be warranted to be what they are represented, and sold at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is resolved not to be undersold by any house in the country. S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut Street, between Second and Third, South side.

Old Silver is taken in exchange, as is usual, and the highest price allowed, but as above stated, it is not remelted, but is otherwise disposed of. my8-1y

J. H. CARPENTER,
GAUGING INSTRUMENT MAKER,
NO. 514 NORTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

LUMBER RULES, TAILORS' SQUARES, &c., made in a superior style of workmanship. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. Price full sett Gauging Instruments $20. oct9-3m

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, DYE-STUFFS, &c.

C. L. NORTON, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST, No. 139 MAIDEN LANE, and 19 FLETCHER Street, New York, offers to the country trade for CASH, or approved CREDIT, a general assortment of Goods in his line, consisting, in part, of Acids, Madder, Indigo, Soda, Cream Tartar, Borax, Alum, Brimstone, Alcohol, Gum Arabic, Myrrh, Aloes, Opium, Camphor, Shellac, Gamboge, Castor Oil, Essential Oils, Liquorice, Phosphorus, Matches, Sal Eratus, Quinine, Calomel, Linseed Oil, White Lead, Zinc, Paints, Prussian Blue, Paris Green, Chrome Green, Chrome Yellow, Vermillion—Patent Medicines of all kinds, Selected Powders for Medical purposes, Extracts, Chemicals, &c., &c., as low as the market affords, and of the BEST QUALITY. A liberal share of trade solicited.

New York, Aug. 20th, 1852. aug28-6m*

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. CORNER OF SIXTH AND BROWN STREETS,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability*, and elegance of *Finish*, cannot be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged, and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

aug 19-tf WM. D. ROGERS.

Selected Poetry.

I LOVE THEE.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

I love thee, Lide, when Spring awaken
The fairy-peopled flowers,
And early sunshine softly breaks
On emerald-coated bowers,
When echoes through the green meadow
The zephyr's viewless flight,
And in the morning wind, the lark
Tunes his aerial note.

I love thee, for our playmates then
Are bird, and lamb, and bee,
Yet Spring, when then art far away,
Has nought of joy for me.

I love thee, Lide, when Summer time
O'er the blue ocean smiles,
And fling her royal banner forth
Upon his thousand isles.
When from the sun the fountain's spray
A rosy flush receives,
And the sweet fragrant wind amain
Tis kiss the whispering leaves.

When white-winged pleasure-boats wander up
The search for and fine.
I love thee, and if then art gone
They have no charms for me.

I love thee, Lide, when Autumn wild,
With many a gorgeous hue,
Is painting beauty on the wood,
And on the mountain blue;
When Indian Summer's mellow haze
O'er all the valley lies,
And clouds above the blue are spread
A splendor from the skies.
I love thee in these dreamy days;
Yet, where I do not see
Thy rosy lips and azure eyes,
They have no sight for me.

I love thee, Lide, when Winter's chain
Is on the streamlet's flow,
And round the casement drearily
The warning night-winds moan;
For then, beside the glowing hearth,
Thy cheek is paler and more fair,
As bending over some pleasant book
Our head-brows curls' raven shine there, and the wandering glow
On gowns of laughing glee,
As dull of those we cannot love,
They have no spells for me.

I love thee ever, and my heart
And do my every dream;
Not wake to thee, its better part,
For all my light is thine.
In joy and sadness we all are thine,
If ever thine be given,
That sunbeam's glory—beaming earth
With tints of holy Heaven!
Then oh! where death steals over us, may
It take me thus with thee!
For life, where thou hast left it, love,
Will scarce be prized by me!

Southern Literary Gazette.

Pictures of Life.

WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

FROM MR. TROUP'S ADDRESS.

Look, for a moment, at the condition of a majority of the wives of respectable farmers, especially of men of all other classes in your own county. What are the duties, which, by general consent, devolve upon them?

What do you, sir, and you, expect of the lady who presides over your household? Did you ever consider for a moment, how many and various and constant are her cares and trials?

You are, perhaps, an amateur farmer; you have, like a true and shrewd Yankee, built a large and elegant house—and so much because you need it, as because your neighbors live in fine houses. And, besides, you are a principal man in the world, and have been Representative to the Legislature, and are *liable* to go to Congress, or be President of the United States. There is no knowing what may not befall you, and it is well to keep up appearances in the world, and be ready for any honors that may be thrust upon you.

You have a large family of children, and they are all to be educated, and of course have no time to work. Your boys must be fitted for college, and your girls must be taught music, and French, and drawing, besides the common branches of learning. Your wife expected to see their your elegant house and furniture so kept in order—that the shadows are kept neat and orderly, at all times. You have a fancy for Devon and Ayrshire and Short-horn cows, and perhaps exhibit them at the Annual Fair, and your wife now takes interest enough in your affairs to look well to the dairy.

You have a great propensity to clear up strange, and build stone walls, and improve your farm, and your kitchen is filled with *dead men*, and nobody but your wife knows what to get for breakfast, dinner or supper, for the use of the family.

Then you are a generous, hospitable sort of fellow, and often invite your friends from other towns, whom you happen to meet, home to dine, and your wife is relied on to do the thing up handsomely, for the credit of the establishment, and, although the three youngest children have just had the whooping cough, and have kept her awake half the nights for the last month, the amiable lady is expected to appear at the table dressed like the wife of a gentleman, as hand as a moonbeam, and glad the agreeable to your guests, with the same maternal grace, as if she had passed the whole morning over her books and music.

You expect to see your breakfast upon the table punctually at the hour, and the children washed and neatly dressed in their places, at the table. You expect the same table four times monthly full, and the food properly cooked and served up. You expect the good lady to be ready and at home, at all times, morning and evening, to receive calls of friendship or ceremony, and especially those of your own choice.

You expect to find your wardrobe always in perfect order, with no button or loop or string to mend. If a child in there is unduly hot and the mother in search over it by night or by day, and the dispersing, nerve-shaking, anxious and exhausting offices due from a mother to her infant, can be delegated to no other.

In short, sir, you expect your wife to be at the same time cook and chambermaid, lady and nursing girl, sempstress and governess, parlor-boarder and dairy-maid.

At length you see, with a sad heart, that her eye is losing its lustre—that her form is becoming daily more frail—that the elasticity of her spirits is gone, and at last the thought, the evening, crushing thought is forced upon you, that she, whose youthful image, radiant with health and happiness, has never passed from your bosom—she, whose last remained to you true and devoted, through sickness and health, in study and prosperity—she, the mother of your children, who has long been almost your only and dearest household, like a good angel, doing all kind offices for you and your loved ones—she who knows more than all the world besides—*she dies.*

And now, perhaps, no effort is made to relieve her, and changes are effected in the household arrangements—and hour-keepers and servants are procured; the daughters are called on to act and in the domestic affairs, and the grand witness of your domestic misery suspended, and no romance is united. But it is all in vain. The heavy flood is on her cheek, and sorrow and hopeless feelings sadden every hour.

For a time, almost like a pure spirit from the realms of bliss, the ghost flits about from room to room, still watchful for the comfort of others, and forgetful of self.

But, I will not attempt to fill up the picture, and trace the airy decay of strength and beauty and life by slow consumption. At length *she is dead or no Heaven.*

Have I exaggerated the trials of a New England wife? I wish it were true that no one of us could call to mind an original, from which my picture might have been drawn! I wish it were true no one of us were conscious of past thoughtlessness or unkindness to the dead, for which no undue portion of life's burdens have been cast upon the sex least able to bear them.

WASHING DAY.

Washing day in a day in the calendar to be remembered—a day when women resign to greater sway in home matters than one—a day which furnishes to visitors the *cold collar* and a *peeled eye* dinner—a day when every woman claims as part of her prerogative, to wear her hair in papers and scold, and every child has a two weeks' vote the mahlet." If she feels in the humor,—a day when the good man of the house is brought daily to appreciate the value of clean, to feel that his is but a grassless paper in the night of any woman, armed with a mop or watergall.

And this sexed and justly-celebrated day comprises one-seventh of a week! Is it, and to the that has reached his *grand climacteric*, has lived through some whole years of washing days—a consideration so terrible to the young housekeeper, as it is consolatory to those in old age, who believe that the trials of the world are to be deducted from the discipline of the soul.

From the importance of this subject, lovers-ing, as it does, one-seventh of all our earthly happiness, one would suppose that philosophers and statesmen, laying aside their other schemes for the amelioration of man's condition, would have devoted themselves exclusively to the abolition or mitigation of washing days.

"But the world has gone on," as Dickens has remarked, "and revolved round the sun, and turned on its own axis, and had lunar inventions, and various powers of that sort," and washing days have come and gone, and the human rule has rather increased than decreased in numbers, and men have settled down upon the idea, that the trials of that dreadful day, like the existence of the earth, are to be reckoned among the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, to be patiently endured, with such courage as we can put on for the occasion.

To be sure, like old father Adam, in the garden, men are prone to charge this evil, like all others, upon the weaker vessel, and regard it as a needful of housekeeping—*wood and water.*

Your wood-factory, it is not vouchsafed to your *kitchen.* Your wife is obliged to go out of doors in Summer and Winter, to reach it—perhaps to go down a flight of steps, and bring her wood up. Often she finds no dry fuel of reliable kind cut and split for use, and you would be ashamed to have it known, how many times she has taken the axe in her own hands to make up for your negligence.

And then the water—we have all seen it again and again, and the courage it must require in having a cistern of soft water, with a pump in your wash-room, or an aqueduct leading into your house, in pipes, and your after year, depending on a well of hard water, *too rock soil*, with a pump that makes hard to the East, and a sweep loaded with old *cast iron*, at one end, and a *crooked pole* and leaky bucket at the other, and the poor wife and the whole young shoot blooming from her home, and vowed to love and cherish, about there, day after day, and year after year, and draws water for her household!

And, again, what sort of a *weak-knifer* does she use! In nicely set in brick-work, in a convenient place for use, or does she hang a tidy kettle on a crane, half the length of the house from the kitchen-fire, or on an iron post of a better, compelled to use a half-dried fit boiler on the cook stove in dog-days?

And where is the *flour* to make? Have you provided, in some sunny spot, sheltered from the winds, one of the rude buildings usually introduced, on which the whole wash may be hung by a woman, in a few moments, without moving her basket, or have you left everything to chance, allowing the line may be hung in a wet, stretched, without being slackened by the weather?

No such thing, sir. In the first place, the line is not half long enough, and you never have returned the piece you borrowed to tie up your fruit trees, and your wife never paid any attention to the oft-repeated, quiet suggestion, that things were not exactly convenient for drying the clothes, and so the females of your household, after working in a hot room over the water, half the day, must *haul* them to dry their clothes as best they can. And we all know how it is done, for we see it every Monday of our lives.

The line is first tied to the old *well post*. It is then carried, for *want* to the corner of the yard, a large stench is made to the *old smoke apple tree*, and a torn taken round one of its principal limbs—from thence to the *old* well-hood-house door, and lastly back to the *well post*. Semicircular curves are unknown, as the deepest sides supported by the long-handled pitchfork and the rake, borrowed from the lane or the cornfield.

And now, what says the accused to our charges? It will avail nothing to set up poverty in this instance, as you have been truly and, "no" to no poor man is obliged to have his pig-troughs at the front door," and no poor lady, no man in true poor to rail the sun from your and bring the water to your hall door.

And so he may as well plead guilty, and accept into the verdict of a verdict, and hereby, of course, already collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Still, more slowly collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Hospitality is symbolized by salt. The Arab considers himself bound to defend and protect from injury the man whose bread he has eaten, or with him. Salt is the product most esteemed by the Greeks. In one of their temples a statue of salt seemed grown dear in a besieged city.

The Patagonians and Tahitians, remarkable for their friendship, do the utmost honor to salt in water. I have heard conscientious and enlightened missionaries declare that, in the case of the generation of '92, which displayed such great physical and personal energy, was nine times more salt than in the present day.

The gabelle, under Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, was a tax which made the living salt a source of riches, in the emblem of wealth, of sobriety, of preservation, a promoter to man his health, and a friend to his food, and to his fruits. Salt, scattered over and with, preserved the nutritious them, and destroyed putrid vegetation.

It increases the appetite of man, and preserves him in health. It causes the skin of the beast to shine, and makes it lather quicker. Sprinkled in the fodder, it makes the cattle fat, and much more you will see animals of *salted* meat, than of those who have it not. Salt, and in all parts of his body—tapes-worms, intellect, &c.—embolisms of passions. His body will be covered with the beautiful emblems of misery and degradation. I urger I could not have believed it, had I not seen it, as well. The Abyssinians, who eat much meat, and who have no salt, are constantly affected with boils, scurvy, and other diseases. I have read some-where that in certain Northern countries, the inhabitants have so little salt, that they count reserved to the aristocracy. After some time, the salt is found to be preserved in the intestines. Void in the winter months, the want of good cultivators of France, and you will find that the people are deficient in the proper quality of their poor food, together with the privation of salt. Most of the parasitic insects in the plants, procured from the impoverishment of the blood, and have no other cause than the want of salt in the food, which can be easily rectified by small addition of salt. The same with animals, who have worms in the liver, in the lung, and the dog, though they do not seem to want salt, will eat it eagerly as the sheep and the ox. It may one day discover that hydrophobia has its origin in dogs in consequence of an absence of salt in their food. Dogs are frequently left by too long an admittance from salted food.

In the South American, is perpetuated by salt, every year at a certain season, large caravan journeys of three or four hundred miles, to lick salt on the shores of the Red Sea. Travellers has taught them that this was the only means by which they could keep their flocks and herds. tacks this thing in branches in their skins.

Selected Articles.

SUGAR AND SALT.

FROM LARDNER'S "FAMILIAR SCIENCE."

Whatever is indispensable, or, what is nearly so, God carefully multiplies, so that it is found everywhere within the reach of His wondering creatures.

Thus He has done for sugar and for salt—two substances eminently necessary for man's sustenance, and destined to answer all his wants. He has placed sugar in all fruits, in all grains, and in all stalks. He has given much of the juicy acrid cane to pour it out from their long joints, by merely squeezing, so that wax might need only to stoop in order to take it. He has compound with it delicious food and restorative drinks. He has willed that this precious provision should be for the people of the burning zones what wine has been for those of temperate zones, a means of connection and of exchange with the other countries of the globe.

Then would sugar now be in the most common and the cheapest of aliments, had not the civilized nations, blinded by commercial prejudices, removed over ten times the space necessary for sugar-cane, which can grow as well as hard in the East, and is nevertheless, in a century after to plant trees along their streets for shade.—*Translator.*]

These trees deserve intelligent care, for the basis of which he has founded, in his necessity to destroy, and the advantage it derives from it. The march of the settler is announced by the demolition of large tracts of country, trunks of noble trees, felled in their prime, and wantonly consumed over ten times the space necessary for himself, while the poor man, bent upon paid pay allowance, begin a century after to plant trees

It is deposited in beds by the waves of the sea, so that the fisherman has always at hand the means of preserving the product of his fisheries, and of sending it to a distance. In spite of continents, salt obtrudes at the surface of the earth, and labor-saltless masses of it are enclosed in the bowels of the earth.

At the mouth of many rivers, and more chiefly in the number and beauty of his herds, which find in it, besides their labor, and recreation, in a manner what the harvests take off. God endowed most of those animals which were first domesticated with a taste for salt, as if to give man a powerful motive for taming them. Salt is for the Kamtschatkan an important condition of health; and every inhabitant of the oft-repeated, quiet suggestion, that things were not exactly convenient for drying the clothes, and so the females of your household, after working in a hot room over the water, half the day, must *haul* them to dry their clothes as best they can. And we all know how it is done, for we see it every Monday of our lives.

The line is first tied to the old *well post*. It is then carried, for *want* to the corner of the yard, a large stench is made to the *old smoke apple tree*, and a torn taken round one of its principal limbs—from thence to the *old* well-hood-house door, and lastly back to the *well post*. Semicircular curves are unknown, as the deepest sides supported by the long-handled pitchfork and the rake, borrowed from the lane or the cornfield.

And now, what says the accused to our charges? It will avail nothing to set up poverty in this instance, as you have been truly and, "no" to no poor man is obliged to have his pig-troughs at the front door," and no poor lady, no man in true poor to rail the sun from your and bring the water to your hall door.

And so he may as well plead guilty, and accept into the verdict of a verdict, and hereby, of course, already collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Still, more slowly collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Hospitality is symbolized by salt. The Arab considers himself bound to defend and protect from injury the man whose bread he has eaten, or with him. Salt is the product most esteemed by the Greeks. In one of their temples a statue of salt seemed grown dear in a besieged city.

The Patagonians and Tahitians, remarkable for their friendship, do the utmost honor to salt in water. I have heard conscientious and enlightened missionaries declare that, in the case of the generation of '92, which displayed such great physical and personal energy, was nine times more salt than in the present day.

The gabelle, under Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, was a tax which made the living salt a source of riches, in the emblem of wealth, of sobriety, of preservation, a promoter to man his health, and a friend to his food, and to his fruits. Salt, scattered over and with, preserved the nutritious them, and destroyed putrid vegetation.

It increases the appetite of man, and preserves him in health. It causes the skin of the beast to shine, and makes it lather quicker. Sprinkled in the fodder, it makes the cattle fat, and much more you will see animals of *salted* meat, than of those who have it not. Salt, and in all parts of his body—tapes-worms, intellect, &c.—embolisms of passions. His body will be covered with the beautiful emblems of misery and degradation. I urger I could not have believed it, had I not seen it, as well. The Abyssinians, who eat much meat, and who have no salt, are constantly affected with boils, scurvy, and other diseases. I have read somewhere that in certain Northern countries, the inhabitants have so little salt, that they count reserved to the aristocracy. After some time, the salt is found to be preserved in the intestines. Void in the winter months, the want of good cultivators of France, and you will find that the people are deficient in the proper quality of their poor food, together with the privation of salt. Most of the parasitic insects in the plants, procured from the impoverishment of the blood, and have no other cause than the want of salt in the food, which can be easily rectified by small addition of salt. The same with animals, who have worms in the liver, in the lung, and the dog, though they do not seem to want salt, will eat it eagerly as the sheep and the ox. It may one day discover that hydrophobia has its origin in dogs in consequence of an absence of salt in their food. Dogs are frequently left by too long an admittance from salted food.

In the South American, is perpetuated by salt, every year at a certain season, large caravan journeys of three or four hundred miles, to lick salt on the shores of the Red Sea. Travellers has taught them that this was the only means by which they could keep their flocks and herds. tacks this thing in branches in their skins.

For the Young.

CARBURETTED HYDROGEN.

Q. What is much gas or *fire-damp*?

A. *Carburetted hydrogen gas* accumulated in mines, which explodes when mixed with air in a frequently called "inflammable air."

Q. What is *carburetted hydrogen gas*?

A. Carbon combined with *hydrogen*.

Q. What is *carburetted hydrogen gas* be prepared on materials?

A. By *steeping the mud* at the bottom of stagnant pools, in a bucket, and collecting the air escapes upwards in an inverted glass vessel.

Q. What is *coal gas*?

A. *Carburetted hydrogen* extracted from coals by the heat of fire.

Q. Why is *carburetted hydrogen gas* called *inflammable air*?

A. Because it very readily *catches fire* and explodes, when brought in contact with *fire*.

Q. Are *flame* atmospheres to be present?

A. Because *carburetted hydrogen* gas frequently called *inflammable*?

A. Because it is generated in *meadows and marshes*, and in the neighborhood of stagnant pools.

Q. What gas is evolved by the *mud* of a *burning coals*?

A. *Carburetted hydrogen gas*. The series and hydrogen of the tables contains into a gas from the *Red Sea*, with regard to *olefiant gas*, and *carburetted hydrogen* or inflammable air.

Q. Why do *carburetted hydrogen explode*?

A. Because the *carburetted hydrogen gas* which is generated in these mines by the *fire-damp*, is mixed with a large quantity of atmospheric air.

Q. How can miners see in the coal-pits if they never introduce a *light*?

A. Sir Humphrey Davy invented a lamp for the use of miners, called the *Safety Lamp*,' which may be used without danger.

Q. Why is the *Safety Lamp* safe?

A. A very ingenious chemist born in Cornwall, 1778, and died in 1829.

Q. What kind of thing is the *safety lamp*?

A. A kind of *lantern*, covered with a fine gauze of wire, called *wire gauze*.

Q. How does this fine *gauze* wire prevent an explosion in the coal mine?

A. The *wire gauze* allows of the lamp from communicating with the inflammable gas of the mine.

Q. The atmospheric of the gauze wire must not exceed one-twentieth of an inch in diameter.

Q. Why will not the *safety lamp* ever take fire when *gauze*?

A. Because the metal wire is a very rapid *conductor of heat*, and when the flame of gas burning in the lamps reaches the wire gauze, so great is the *conducted* away by the wire, that the flame is extinguished.

Q. What part of the *coal-pit* get through into gauze case the *Lantern*?

A. Tin and the inflammable gas passes, and inside the lamp burns with a pale blue flame, the miner is in danger, and should withdraw.

Q. Why is the miner in *danger* if the gas ignites and burns in the centre of the safety lamp?

A. Because the heat of the burning gas will *shut during the wire gauze*, and then the flame fiery fluid will set fire to the mine.

N. B. When the carburetted hydrogen gas issues from the *fissures* of the coal, it is frequently mixed with *carbonic acid gas*, which is destructive to animal life, and is the cause of the suffocation of which so many miners have been the victims.—*Familiar Science, edited by R. D. Paterson.*

Some years ago, all the cockatoo of the beautiful country-seat of Vaux, belonging to E. de Pourtalès-Borne, died of this pest. Formerly, when many fallow deer years kept in the royal forests, they took care to fix at a certain time, about the middle of June, all their salt rubbed together, where all the deer came to lick.

The efficacy of salt—emblem of purity and wealth—against vermin—emblem of misery and degradation, was well understood by all wild animals. Every one knows the passion of the pigeon for salt. The best means of captivating these birds is to put a little salt in a pipe-stem pasta, and persuadeless Washington Street, knock-kneed as Nemea, and quite as proud of the moment conferred on Hercules and myself, the material of the aforesaid garments to the Nemean lion, and Indefatigable because of it are enclosed in the bowels of the earth.

At the mouth of many rivers, and more chiefly in the number and beauty of his herds, which find in it, besides their labor, and recreation, in a manner what the harvests take off. God endowed most of those animals which were first domesticated with a taste for salt, as if to give man a powerful motive for taming them. Salt is for the Kamtschatkan an important condition of health; and every inhabitant of the oft-repeated, quiet suggestion, that things were not exactly convenient for drying the clothes, and so the females of your household, after working in a hot room over the water, half the day, must *haul* them to dry their clothes as best they can. And we all know how it is done, for we see it every Monday of our lives.

The line is first tied to the old *well post*. It is then carried, for *want* to the corner of the yard, a large stench is made to the *old smoke apple tree*, and a torn taken round one of its principal limbs—from thence to the *old* well-hood-house door, and lastly back to the *well post*. Semicircular curves are unknown, as the deepest sides supported by the long-handled pitchfork and the rake, borrowed from the lane or the cornfield.

And now, what says the accused to our charges? It will avail nothing to set up poverty in this instance, as you have been truly and, "no" to no poor man is obliged to have his pig-troughs at the front door," and no poor lady, no man in true poor to rail the sun from your and bring the water to your hall door.

And so he may as well plead guilty, and accept into the verdict of a verdict, and hereby, of course, already collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Still, more slowly collect a tax of sixty millions on and: if you cannot otherwise keep your wife from washing in the open air, you may what you can re-establish the expiration tax. Thus we shall secure just 60 days more sunshine, of citizens, make us pay dearly for the luxury of fortune, a tax whose average will be two dollars and a half per head, and which applies to the just proportionately to their consumption of salt, which is *directly* on their poverty.

Hospitality is symbolized by salt. The Arab considers himself bound to defend and protect from injury the man whose bread he has eaten, or with him. Salt is the product most esteemed by the Greeks. In one of their temples a statue of salt seemed grown dear in a besieged city.

The Patagonians and Tahitians, remarkable for their friendship, do the utmost honor to salt in water. I have heard conscientious and enlightened missionaries declare that, in the case of the generation of '92, which displayed such great physical and personal energy, was nine times more salt than in the present day.

The gabelle, under Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, was a tax which made the living salt a source of riches, in the emblem of wealth, of sobriety, of preservation, a promoter to man his health, and a friend to his food, and to his fruits. Salt, scattered over and with, preserved the nutritious them, and destroyed putrid vegetation.

It increases the appetite of man, and preserves him in health. It causes the skin of the beast to shine, and makes it lather quicker. Sprinkled in the fodder, it makes the cattle fat, and much more you will see animals of *salted* meat, than of those who have it not. Salt, and in all parts of his body—tapes-worms, intellect, &c.—embolisms of passions. His body will be covered with the beautiful emblems of misery and degradation. I urger I could not have believed it, had I not seen it, as well. The Abyssinians, who eat much meat, and who have no salt, are constantly affected with boils, scurvy, and other diseases. I have read somewhere that in certain Northern countries, the inhabitants have so little salt, that they count reserved to the aristocracy. After some time, the salt is found to be preserved in the intestines. Void in the winter months, the want of good cultivators of France, and you will find that the people are deficient in the proper quality of their poor food, together with the privation of salt. Most of the parasitic insects in the plants, procured from the impoverishment of the blood, and have no other cause than the want of salt in the food, which can be easily rectified by small addition of salt. The same with animals, who have worms in the liver, in the lung, and the dog, though they do not seem to want salt, will eat it eagerly as the sheep and the ox. It may one day discover that hydrophobia has its origin in dogs in consequence of an absence of salt in their food. Dogs are frequently left by too long an admittance from salted food.

In the South American, is perpetuated by salt, every year at a certain season, large caravan journeys of three or four hundred miles, to lick salt on the shores of the Red Sea. Travellers has taught them that this was the only means by which they could keep their flocks and herds. tacks this thing in branches in their skins.

With a vegetable and fruit diet, there is perhaps no longer the same accumulation from the use of the Circulating Medium in the hands of the money. New York a number of persons lived for years in the same house, and in the same room, and maintained so many hence during three or four thousand years and has been a standing block to the greatest mathematicians of the world. The tangle ground's tenor in Theodore Faber, and he chose his rule to the Herald, dated November 5th, 1852, with the following announcement and confidence.—The disorder is contained in the circumference, exactly 1 and 264-half times. Mathematicians are respectfully invited to prove the contrary." Here's a chance for the "smart cyphering."

Wit and Humor.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN

I better spoke to her of it on.
Though I remember. Full and Spring,
I changed my duckey and my bones
To do that thing.

But, while I sat, though I went to
Resolved to do a sure day,
My mouth ton, with my day
Lay sticking up at the gate.

For years her shadow was my light.
She must have known it all,
Although I never spoke and sighed.
And stammered in the hall.

Once, once, I remember I—The blood
Runs crimson to her cheek!
My heart had fluttering on my tongue—
'Twas all I dared to speak

She read the meaning of my flowers,
She treasured up my sighs,
"I must have her now," upon the stone.
She owned my secret eyes.

And in the silver sand she'd try
To write my name for me,
But, stupid I! with all her help,
Would never write my few.

I never spoke to her of love,
My tongue failed at the start,
And so I lived to swear I would.
And—never broke my heart.

One stormy night, one pour of gold
To-morrow I'll be free,
And I will wander day's at last
Where I may speak to—thee.

Where there is a single tree, or there are a few trees scattered over a considerable tract of fruit, the roots should be laid bare for at least six feet from the trunk, by a careful removal of the soil with a hoe or spade. The extension must then be filled in with the very best of the manure which has been previously mixed with compost in which lime and wood ashes—leached or unleached—constitute a large part. The manure, thus covered with mould, is to be left exposed to the action of the air and sun for a few weeks, when it may be returned to the roots, as the operator may see fit to direct. One thing agreed which we think too much cannot be said, is the necessity of a liberal application of manure among orchards with as little care as in any other department. We have asserted in this case that the *a benefit to the tree* that it causes them to send out more shoots, and increases the general vigor and development of the trees. Why it should do so is a question which we do not undertake to answer, but it seems as natural to suppose that the wound-ing or abscission of the lateral roots, in the case of transplanting and setting out trees, should produce injuries as in that of a young tree which is cut down to make room for the more permanent ones. The more roots in either case the better, we contend, and if orchards *are rolled*, let the roots be cut, and the soil be manured after inverting the sward contended with the grasses and roots. But before setting an orchard the ground should be thoroughly subsoiled, cultivated and manured.

Remember, if the weather is moderate, is no good a time, perhaps, as any month in the year to transplant evergreens.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Human Hobbies Natural Theifures.—The New York *Herald* says that the Orbost breed—the most renowned in Russia, especially for their fleetness—is descended from a cross from the age of one day, are harnessed to light wagons, and taught to trot. The Arabian is the fast on Orbost trotter has, perhaps, never galloped or cantered since foaled; and thus, instead of being compelled to use the gait which he finds, would still trot away from it. Hence, the Orbost trotter has never learned how to canter, but is an astonishing pacer. He will single foot, and rack, and pace, but he cannot canter. His mind prefers a sensible addition to our stock.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL ERA BY PROF. PUTNAM.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 is a town in Massachusetts